

# CORRIANS COUNTY MONTHLY.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VT., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1872.

NO. 7.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**CUTLER & GOSSE,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs,  
Greenboro, Vt.

**MISS A. J. CUTLER,**  
MILLINERY, DRESS MAKING and pattern making,  
Barton, Vt.

**E. G. STEVENS,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Barton Landing, Vt.

**M. J. SMITH,**  
PROPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works,  
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones,  
Monuments, &c.,  
Barton, Vt.

**FRED. H. MORSE,**  
PAINTER, Painting, Glazing, Graining, White-  
washing and Paper-hanging. All work done in  
the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw and  
set to order.

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,  
Barton, Vermont.

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER, Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,  
oval, square, and rustic frames of all kinds.

**WALKER BROTHERS,**  
TINSMITHS. All kinds of jobbing executed with  
promptness and despatch. Peddlers wanted. Look  
for our assortment of Sugar Tins before purchasing  
elsewhere.

**DALE & ROBINSON,**  
ATTORNEYS and Counsellors at Law, Barton, Vt.  
609, 2nd FLOOR.

**J. L. WOODMAN,**  
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
Store over A. J. L. Twombly's.

**MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS,**  
PAINT AND VEST MAKER,  
Barton, Vermont.

**A. & J. L. TWOMBLY,**  
WHOLESALE and retail dealers in Flour, Corn,  
Pork and Lard, Beans and Oil, Hardware,  
West India Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese.  
A. & J. L. TWOMBLY.

**A. C. ROBINSON,**  
WHOLESALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. L. Goods,  
Groceries, Lard, Flour, Oil, Fat, Salt, Iron,  
Steel, Nails, Glass, &c., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

**WM. W. GROTT,**  
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law and Claim Agent,  
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Prompt attention given to collections.  
Greenboro, Vt.

**W. W. EATON,**  
ATTORNEY at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,  
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Prompt attention given to collections.  
Greenboro, Vt.

**J. M. CURRAN,**  
BARBER and HAIR DRESSER,  
Barton, Vermont.

**MARTIN ABBOTT,**  
WHEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General  
Job Worker. Open and Top Buggies, and var-  
ious styles of carriages always on hand. Glover Vt.

**J. E. DWINELL,**  
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper,  
Curtains and Fittings, also Coffins and Caskets, Picture  
Frames, Spring Beds, &c.  
Glover Vt.

**J. H. HOLTON & CO.,**  
Manufacturers and Dealers, in all kinds of Harness-  
es, also Whips, Currying, Carriage Brushes,  
&c. Vacuum Oil Blacking, for sale. Barton, Vt. 7-  
10.

**CLOSING OUT.**  
My stock of goods are almost  
ENTIRELY NEW  
—AND—  
BOUGHT FOR CASH  
at the time when goods were the lowest that they have  
been for years and must all be sold by the first day of  
March next, without fail.

**COME AND BUY GOODS AT YOUR  
OWN PRICE ALMOST.**

STORE, DWELLING HOUSE,  
—AND—  
BARN FOR SALE,  
also a Blacksmith shop. Terms of payment easy.  
R. O. RANDALL,  
West Glover, Vt., January 4, 1872.

**EVERYBODY SAYS,**  
and what everybody says must be true.

THAT YOU CAN GET THE BEST OYSTERS

—AT—  
DAVIS',  
of any place in the county; and in fact he keeps a

GENERAL ASSORTMENT  
—OF—  
The Best Groceries  
as cheap as the cheapest. Also a nice stock of

CANDY, CAKE TRIMMINGS,  
SUGAR SANDS, &c.

And if you will make or have you can get the best of  
groceries and tobacco at the grocery.

FRESH FISH  
in any quantity, from one pound to a ton.  
GEO. C. DAVIS.

## OH, WELL I REMEMBER.

Oh, well I remember,  
How sadly I tore  
The first checker I spun  
That ever I wore.

How I looked and how I felt,  
How I looked and how I felt,  
When my dear mother gave me  
A box on the shelf.

Then a big piece of the for the damage she'd done,  
To her dearest, her darling, her dearest son.

Oh, well I remember,  
(They're fresh in my mind)  
Those little white trousers,  
All buttoned with care.

How I played in the garden,  
How I played in the garden,  
How my grandmother shook me  
Nigh out of my shirt.

But promised to buy me a new shirt toy,  
If I'd but remember to be a good boy.

Oh, well I remember,  
How I went to school—  
How I went to school—  
How I went to school—

How I pulled out the paper  
From Emma's curls  
For which I was punished  
With a good whipping.

"Twas punishment fraught with confusion and pain,  
But oh! I should like to get there again!

Oh, well I remember,  
How I grew to grow,  
How I grew to grow,  
How I grew to grow.

I had to go to school,  
I had to go to school,  
I had to go to school,  
I had to go to school.

And the school of fancy  
Said to me, "Be a man,  
And the school of fancy  
Said to me, "Be a man.

For I churched and I turned lit as weak as a cat,  
And sweet till as well as a water-soaked rat.

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## A Shoemaker.

The rest of the brothers—stallwart  
Jem and sturdy Jack, and the young,  
grave Eben—were out in the summer  
cornfields, hard at work. Ira, the third  
of the old farmer's sons, sat on a bench  
in the far end of the porch, making  
shoes.

The patriarch of the tribe of Harlows,  
an unlettered man, who might have come  
of a race of giants, and whose other sons  
were all like him, saw no wiser plan be-  
fore him than to apprentice his one  
weakling to the one shoemaker; and  
now, the shoemaker being dead, Ira held  
his place in the village, worked at his  
trade, and between times found it possi-  
ble to study as few college youths ever  
do, and to read—so his fond mother de-  
clared—everything. It was no common-  
place head or prosaic face over which  
the trembling of the bean vines fell, and  
no trade, or calling in life, could have  
made it so. Being a genius, this man  
should have repined over his fate, but  
he did not. The last waxed end  
gave him independence, and in that he  
rejoiced. Perhaps some hope beckoned  
him onward—perhaps some dreams were  
drampt upon that cobbler's bench which  
he realized in time. Now, as he  
bent over his last, Miss Lillie Wharton,  
drawing rein at the gate beyond, thought  
to herself that any one with black eyes  
and golden hair and a dimple in the  
chin must be beautiful; wondered why  
she looked for this ideal face in the parlors  
of Fifth Avenue, at Newport and Sara-  
toga, and in her own well bred country  
circle, she had never met it until a year  
before, she came to this porch to be  
measured for a pair of slippers, heard  
the third of a crutch, always a trying  
thing to her nerves, because it spoke of  
pain and distortion and other disagree-  
able things, and saw the face she had  
dreamed of until she was three and twenty,  
but had never before set eyes upon,  
save in a picture in the Louvre.

She herself was a bright brunette,  
with carmine cheeks, and in each of  
which a diamond seemed imprisoned.—  
She looked "a creature not too fair and  
good for human nature's daily food,"  
but certainly one who knew nothing of  
human nature's toil and pain, of poverty  
or grief. She was an orphan, it is true,  
but her parents died before she was old  
enough to know them, and she had been  
petted and pampered all her life, as  
beheeresses are wont to be, when they are  
as beautiful as Lillie Wharton.

She took her unseemly survey of her  
ideal face for a moment, and then called  
out across the fence:

"Are you too deep in your brown  
study to think of shoes? Mr. Harlowe,  
or may I come in and be measured?"

"Sit still; you see I am of Dame Durdan  
already; she is gentle as a pet lamb.—  
What a day this is to run wild in!—  
Were it always such weather, I think  
we never should have houses built; only  
perhaps, a vine covered porch or so, like  
this we're under. Put a bean vine in  
your next verses, will you? They are  
so beautiful, and poets always neglect  
them."

"All vines are beautiful, I think,"  
said Ira, drawing a chair forward for  
the lady. "I never see one but I think  
of a woman. It's a hackneyed compari-  
son, I know, but a good one none the  
less—the vine a graceful, gentle woman;  
the oak a stalwart man to whom she  
clings. See, our vines are doing it since  
they have climbed to the top of the trellis.  
They hang upon the long oak branches  
as a bride hangs on her husband's arm.  
Were I a tree I should like to be that oak,  
with the vines about me, my branches.  
Do such fancies come in to your head,  
Miss Wharton?"

He was not a "great stalwart fellow,"  
not an oak among men. The thought  
came into his mind that a vine might  
never twine about him. I cannot tell  
you what thought was in her eyes, but  
she veiled from him, lest he should read  
it, with her lashes.

"We were taking our dinner in the  
field yonder," she said, "as I came past;  
Fattie and Jane were serving it out to  
them—as fresh and bright as roses. How  
do they manage so much cooking? My  
cook went away a week ago, and I had  
cousins from the city come to see me,  
and almost killed myself over the din-  
ners. I envy the farmers' wives their  
strength and energy. But let me no frail  
creature, I can ride all day and dance  
all night, I assure you."

"You know nothing of work-a-day  
life, Miss Wharton," said Ira. "The  
back is always filled to bear the burden,  
I believe, as the heart is." Just a lit-  
tle sigh caught his breath then, as though  
his heart might have a burden on it.—  
And then he turned to her with a bright,  
pleasant look, and she answered with a  
smile such as, had the truth been known  
she gave to no one else.

And the two fell a talking—as they  
always did when they were together,  
though only the matter of shoes made  
their meetings—of poetry and music  
and new books and of the thoughts that  
grew from them. No gentleman of all  
Miss Wharton's set pleased her in such  
a way as this shoemaker did.

At last Miss Wharton rode off on her  
pony. She smiled until she was out of  
sight. Then she grew grave. "Poor  
fellow!" she said, "poor dear fellow!  
But then he is only a shoemaker."

Meanwhile the gentleman who hap-  
pened to make shoes said to himself  
much the same thing; bade himself re-  
member it carefully, and remember also  
the crutch at his side, on which, as he  
sat, he swung himself down to a shad-  
dy bit of woodland beside the river's  
bank, where he lay waist deep in the  
long grass, and watched the shadows  
lengthen.

"A rich woman should never be wooed  
by a poor man," he said, not bitterly,  
but a little sadly. "The heart should  
never overrule common sense. Young  
ladies are not apt to give their love to  
crippled fellows who make shoes for  
them. Smiles are natural to her. She  
cannot help being sweet to me, for it is  
her nature. I am not an idiot, nor will  
I become so. If I could win her, I  
would be mad to do so; and among all  
the things fate has left out of my for-  
tune, love is one, I doubt not."

## SOME THINGS WE NEED NOT DO.

We need not lead a lonely life,  
If we are kind and loving,  
Nor lack the friendly words and smiles  
Our daily acts approving.

We need not sing, "There's none to love,  
Or give us such sad cares."  
We need not be a sunny soul,  
Or live with the love dead.

We need not sigh from morn till night,  
And say, with hearts a-weary,  
"The world is dark and dreary."  
We need not be a sunny soul,  
Or live with the love dead.

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